

A stylized illustration of Megatron, the Decepticon leader, standing on a dark, rocky surface. He is a large, grey and black robot with a gold-colored head and chest. He has red eyes and a small purple Decepticon symbol on his chest. He is holding a large, purple flag with a black Decepticon symbol on it. The background is a dark blue sky with a hint of a sunset or sunrise. The text "PEACE THROUGH TYRANNY" is written in a white, jagged, hand-drawn font across the middle of the image.

PEACE THROUGH TYRANNY

A MEGATRON THEMED GIFT ZINE

Hi Frank!

This is the Peace Through Tyranny zine. A gift zine specifically made for you to show our appreciation for what you've done for the Transformers franchise and its many fans. Here we have many talented writers and artists who've made art of Megatron plus some other characters you've voiced throughout the years.

Each creator has left a little note at the end of this zine for you to read with its corresponding page number. You've done so much for us and we hope this is something that we can give back to you, even if it's just a fraction of our appreciation.

We hope you like it. And thank you voicing such a memorable character.

- Allspark Zines



DECEIVING DECEPTICONS

By GemmaRose

Existing on Earth was an exercise in perpetual struggle. Not an unfamiliar existence, to those Decepticons who remembered Cybertron's so-called Golden Age, but not a pleasant one either. Personally, Megatron hated it. Life as a warbuild on Cybertron before the war had been like living in the Pit itself, but there had been familiarity to it, the metal layers of their planet as much home as cage. With the Nemesis crashed at the bottom of a saltwater ocean, Earth lacked even that pitiful comfort, and for that alone Megatron would see the Autobots exterminated. Or failing that, hassle them to the end of their days.

"Autobot activity: detected. Location: central Europe." Soundwave reported, and Megatron grinned.

"And just when the troops were starting to get restless. Prime does have the most perfect timing." he gestured for Soundwave to make use of the main screen, and the mech transformed to plug into the direct display cable. A recording from one of his aerial cassettes began to play, and Megatron's grin widened at the sight of Autobots helping move things around in a setting which was not uniquely familiar, but broadly so. "A power plant, excellent. We'll see some battle, and convert as much power into energon as possible."

Soundwave transformed back into root mode, and Megatron gestured to Starscream. "Ready the air force. There's enough Autobots there we can all get a good scrap in."

"Of course, mighty Megatron!" Starscream saluted, his smile sharp and field eager. It said quite a bit about how long it had been that he didn't even make a snide remark as he rushed off to scramble his subordinates. A bare fifteen minutes saw most of the faction in the air, a scant few mechs- largely those injured or on punishment detail- left behind to mind the Nemesis, and the flight itself went by in a flash, as it always did.

Soon enough they were coming down towards a smallish population center

near a river, with forests grown thick in the immediate surroundings. Some of the trees even looked sturdy enough to not turn completely to splinters if he threw Optimus into them, which was nice. Being able to track how the fight had progressed was helpful, when looking back afterwards.

"Prime!" he bellowed as he crashed down in a rough landing near the Autobots, startling some of the smaller ones into dropping their cargo. "Thought you could sneak this past me, eh?" he jeered, and Optimus rose to the bait refreshingly fast.

"Autobots, defend the plant!" he ordered. "We mustn't let the Decepticons get to the fourth reactor!"

"Foolish Prime!" Megatron cackled, transforming out his mace. "You've just told me where to attack!"

"Megatron, the fourth reactor is *on fire*!" Starscream shouted at him. If Megatron wasn't already facing down Prime, he would've flipped him off.

"So send in the rainmakers!" he bellowed up at his SIC. "We're taking as much as we can, and you Autobots won't stop us!" he turned his attention back to Prime, and threw himself into the fight. His troops joined him with a roar, and the world narrowed to Prime's axe against his mace, the sting of injuries and constant battlefield updates scrolling down the side of his HUD.

In a turn of luck they'd had precious little of, since being trapped on this horrid mudball of a planet, Prime actually called a retreat once they pushed the Autobots to the edge of the parking lot. "Stunticons, keep watch for their return." he ordered once Prime was out of shouting range. "They'll be back soon enough, with greater numbers and firepower."

"Good." Motormaster leered. "I could use a proper fight, after that warm-up."

Megatron clapped a hand on his shoulder, and strode back towards the plant, which swarmed with activity. Soundwave met him with a dour look on his face, one most mechs wouldn't be able to read even now. "Report." Megatron ordered.

"What?" Megatron frowned. "This was hardly a *rout*, Soundwave. If they

wanted to trick us, why take so many injuries on their own side? Why stay long enough to injure any of our own?" he gestured over to where Hook was patching up some of the Combaticons, who'd gotten in a punch-up with Superior while the Stunticons were having their fun with Autobot frontliners.

"Power plant: emitting mass amounts of radiation." Soundwave reminded him, as if any of them could have possibly missed the alerts on their HUDs about the heavy particles in their vents. At least getting your filters cleaned and replaced was simple enough he could trust the majority of his troops to do it themselves.

"And?" Megatron prompted. Soundwave gave him a flat look.

"Organic life: susceptible to damage from radiation. Decepticons: collecting most-irradiated material for later refinement."

Megatron swore, violently enough it made several nearby Decepticons jump and hurry to look busy. "They *tricked us*," he hissed.

"Affirmative."

Megatron seethed, vents kicking up in intensity as his core temperature climbed.

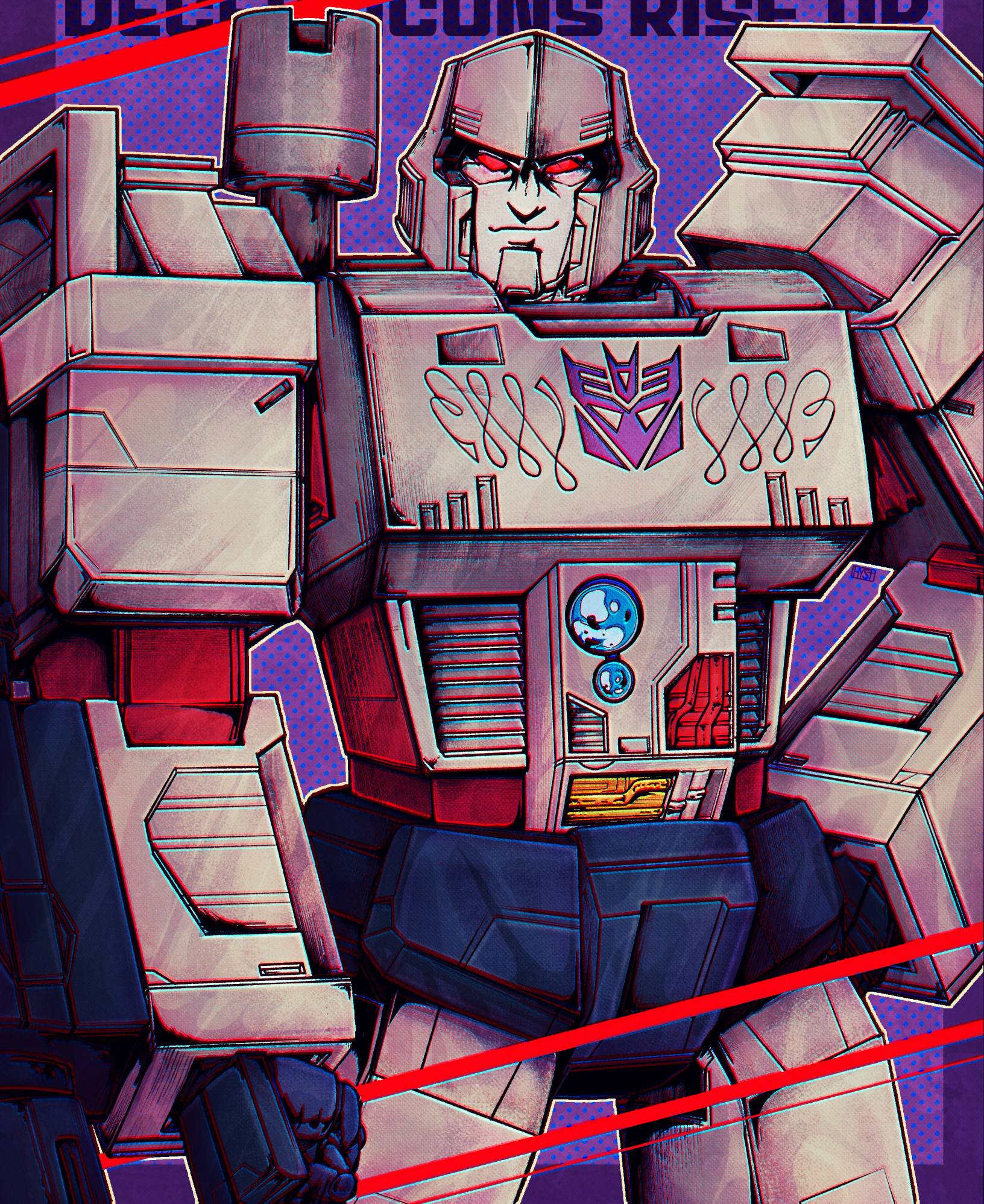
"Query: cease human-assisting activities?"

"No." he said after a moment, shaking his head. "It may benefit the humans, but it benefits us more." he smirked, and looked at the still-growing stack of boxes containing material which held so much energy it *glowed*. "Start moving this back to the Nemesis, and have the Constructicons accompany it. I want Scrapper's report on maximum energon production from these materials by the time I return."

"Acknowledged." Soundwave nodded, and turned to go relay Megatron's orders. The humans may get their town back, thanks to Prime's trickery today, but the Decepticons had gained a means to supply themselves with energon for at least months, if not *years*. An oversight he was going to have to rub in Prime's stupid self-righteous face as soon as the mech returned to drive them off.



DECEPTICONS RISE UP



DUE COMMENDATION

By eerian_sadow

All of the Decepticon army was celebrating their latest, decisive, victory against the Autobots--or so it seemed. Behind him was a raucous victory party, and in front of him the sealed door of the communications hub and Soundwave's personal domain.

And Soundwave was inside it, rather than enjoying their well-earned celebration.

That would not do. Soundwave had been instrumental in their victory against the Prime, and his achievements deserved to be recognized! He should not be working at all.

Megatron quickly keyed the unlock sequence into the panel and stepped inside as the door slid open. He was so intent on getting the mech to come to the party that he didn't process the dim lighting or total silence coming from the monitoring stations.

"Soundwave! Why are you here and not celebrating our glorious victory at my side? One of the injured can man the communication network!"

"Soundwave apologizes, Lord Megatron." The blue mech turned to look at him slowly, visor dim and posture slumped. "Soundwave is unwell."

"Unwell?" Megatron's optics narrowed. He had heard of no injuries to his favored lieutenant.

"Affirmative. This battle, intense. Soundwave..." the mech paused, clearly trying to gather his thoughts. "Over-extended abilities. Additional stimulus likely to damage processor."

"I see." He wasn't certain he truly did, because Soundwave was twice as specialized as any other Decepticon, but if he said that stimulation was likely to damage him then Megatron would believe him without hesitation. "Very well, Soundwave. You deserve recognition for your contribution

today, however. I will return with an appropriate tribute."

Soundwave did not look excited at the prospect but he nodded anyway. "Understood, Lord Megatron."

Megatron was glad that he had agreed so easily. He was not giving his most loyal warrior anything less than the accolades he deserved.

His Decepticons cheered loudly as Megatron stepped into the room, and he couldn't help but think that they should be cheering for Soundwave instead. Perhaps he would arrange another celebration, subtle as befitting his lieutenant's preferences, sometime in the future. He deserved praise, especially after the kind of performance he had delivered today.

As he crossed the hangar-turned-event hall where the party was taking place, several mechs called out for him to join them. One of the Seekers even offered to "take him flying", a phrase that Rumble had been delighted to tell him was slang for a night of intimacy in a private room.

He declined that offer and all others without even a pang of wistfulness. Soundwave was his focus tonight, and he would feel as rewarded and celebrated as the rest of his troops if Megatron had to throw every mech at the victory party off the base.

He spotted Skywarp in the crowd, holding a cube that was glowing green and made his way to the mech's side. Skywarp might make passes at him, but he would also accept no for an answer. "Skywarp, where are the drinks being served?"

"Oh, hey, boss!" Skywarp grinned and slung an arm around Megatron's neck. "They're at the back, Mix is making the good stuff in that one shuttle we stole from Iacon."

The good stuff would undoubtedly be more than Soundwave could handle tonight, but Mixmaster or one of his brothers would be able to get him something weaker for his favorite lieutenant. "Thank you, Skywarp. I trust Thundercracker will be seeing you to your quarters tonight?"

Skywarp sighed. "Yeah. He won't even try Mix's blend tonight."

Given the color... "Perhaps that is wise. We cannot all be at the Autobot's

mercy tomorrow, should the Prime attempt a counteroffensive while he thinks we will be exhausted and weak.”

“Yeah. Hey, if you see Soundwave, tell him thanks. We’d’a been blown to smithereens without his location data for the rockets.”

“I will do so.” Megatron nodded and ducked out from under the Seeker’s arm. Skywarp pouted at the action, but didn’t try to stop him. “Enjoy your evening, Skywarp.”

“Hey, you know where to find me, if you decide you should–” However Skywarp was trying to entice him was cut off as Thundercracker slapped a hand over his mouth. The blue Seeker gave Megatron a weak smile. “Have a good night, Lord Megatron.”

He stepped away from the Seekers and continued through the hangar to the shuttle in the back. Mixmaster had a table spread out by the entry hatch, and on the table rested an assortment of drinks and treats. Some glowed the same green as Skywarp’s cube and others were merely the pink of standard energon. The Constructicon had truly considered the needs of the entire crew, as at least some of them would have to be on duty for the early shift.

“Mixmaster, give me something light that won’t aggravate overtaxed systems!” Megatron shouted to be heard over the party.

Mixmaster gave him a shrewd look. “For Soundwave, Lord Megatron?”

“Yes, for Soundwave. And myself.” He would not indulge, when Soundwave might need assistance beyond what the recordicons could give him. “I suppose Hook is aware of his... condition?”

“Yes, Lord Megatron.” Mixmaster nodded. “Just a moment, I have something perfect for him.”

Megatron waited, while Mixmaster retrieved something from inside the shuttle. When the Constructicon emerged, he was carrying two cubes–blue and bubbling–and a plate of standard energon gels. “Hook’s special formula, made palatable for anyone who has to drink it. And slow release gels, to keep from overwhelming his systems. We were waiting for Ravage to pick them up, but since you’re here...”

“My thanks, Mixmaster. Tell Ravage I will be caring for Soundwave tonight, when he arrives.” Megatron took the cubes and the gels with a nod.

“Yes sir!” Mixmaster giggled in that maniacal way of his and Megatron turned away quickly. Whatever the mech was thinking, he did not want to know.

He made his way back across the hangar, cutting through the party in record time and leaving a chorus of disappointed jeers in his wake as he stepped through the doors. Better that he cared for Soundwave tonight, though, than coddled the feelings of his other Decepticons.

Soundwave flinched when the light fell across him from the open door and Megatron made sure to block it quickly as he stepped back into the communication hub.

“Lord Megatron returned?” Soundwave sounded puzzled, and Megatron didn’t like it at all.

“As I said I would! With a celebration worthy of my finest officer, in his current state.” He made his way over to the communication console and set the energon down on the darkened panel. “Hook’s prescription, or so I understand.”

“Yes, Lord Megatron. But Ravage...”

“I have left word for Ravage that I shall be caring for your needs tonight, as befits my most loyal officer.” Megatron unsealed one of the cubes and lifted Soundwave’s hand so that he could place the bubbling energon in it. “Your performance today deserves a celebration, Soundwave, but this will have to do for now.”

Soundwave stared at the energon for a moment before replying. “Thank you, Lord Megatron.”

Megatron nodded. “You are welcome, Soundwave.”

At his reply, Soundwave opened his mask and took a sip of Mixmaster’s bubbling concoction. While he did so, Megatron retrieved the stool the recordicons sometimes used when they helped in the communication hub and set it next to Soundwave’s chair. He settled down on it carefully as

Soundwave reached for one of the energon gels, and then retrieved his own cube.

Megatron unsealed it and lifted it in a toast to Soundwave, who smiled weakly. Then they refueled in the calm quiet of the communication hub. And if Megatron carried a recharging Soundwave back to his quarters in the small hours of the morning, no one but Ravage could say.





RISE UP

DECEPTICONS

ARE YA READY, EDDIE?

By DJ Winters

The sun lit the world evenly from its zenith in the sky when Megatron finally walked onto shore. Having to sneak out of the *Nemesis* was a complete menace! He was the leader of the Decepticons and he couldn't even take a day off? What nonsense. Pausing on the beach to let his panels dry, Megatron recalculated his route. The Portland Memorial Coliseum would be a fairly short flight, but he had more time than he expected. Perhaps he would wander the beach for a little bit, and see what humans did where land met water when it was considered 'cold' by them. As he took his first step, Megatron's communicator indicated an incoming transmission.

::Megatron: missing. Nemesis currently under Soundwave's command. Query: why?::

Annoying as it had been to escape his own base - an amusement of its own, when he thought about it that way - he had expected Soundwave would catch on first, and fill in naturally as his second in command. Starscream may have been an air commander, but Soundwave was more knowledgeable and would handle things efficiently during his absence.

::Because, Soundwave, I need a break. From the scheming both for and against me, as well as from trying to defeat the Autobots again. I am going to a concert.:: He continued walking down the beach, finding it for the most part deserted save for the occasional vehicle passing on the coastal highway. Humans did not do cold well.

::Soundwave: curious. Which Earth band will Megatron see?::

Pausing on the beach, just out of easy sight of the highway, Megatron toyed with telling his second in command the truth. Initially, he'd wanted to go because the 'World Slavery Tour'sounded like exactly the kind of place Megatron could meet like-minded individuals who wanted to enslave the Earth. Then, he'd found out it was the title of a musical tour by a band called Iron Maiden - which had not intrigued him less! It had been

something he'd kept to himself, as he'd perused the band's catalog, something that he could enjoy without judgment or questions from his Deceptions. As trusted as Soundwave was, he felt a hesitance to share this precious jewel with this second in command.

::Perhaps I will share the information with you once the event has ended, Soundwave. Let me have this.:: The line went silent for a moment.

::Acknowledged: will not ask, unless Megatron wills it. Be aware: Soundwave is curious.::

Megatron knew that wouldn't be the end of it, because Soundwave is curious. The fact amused him, that he had a secret Soundwave knew nothing about. A personal experience that the mech might not learn about ever - indeed, certainly not until the moment had passed and he could not join Megatron at the Iron Maiden concert. There was something freeing in that, which Megatron could not recall experiencing before. Boosting himself into the air and starting his way towards the venue, Megatron started looping the Iron Maiden songs he had recorded from the radio. He was, indeed, *Running Free!* He didn't foresee that changing until he was ready to return to the *Nemesis*.

Worse than trying to sneak out of the *Nemesis*, was trying to sneak back in a week after the fact of his disappearance. Soundwave had the troops on high alert, which was good, but also made it difficult for the absent leader to get through the network of patrol. It was high quality work, but it also meant that Soundwave wasn't risking any away missions. Probably for the best. He could handle them, but the risk of failure in Megatron's absence wasn't worth it.

Eventually, with careful timing and concerted effort, Megatron made it to one of the airlocks. His unique code got him in without the alarms blaring, and a few lucky moments and careful evaluation of the interior patrols had the mech back in his cabin. Finally letting out a heavy ex-vent, as the door closed behind him, Megatron turned on the lights and immediately raised his cannon when he spotted a mech standing next to his berth.

"Megatron: returned much later than expected," Soundwave accused in his fashion. "Soundwave: kept operations running in Megatron's absence. Soundwave: demands an explanation. Who is *that*?"

Megatron lowered the cannon and glanced to the robotic prop he'd stolen from the Iron Maiden concert. "His name is *Eddie*, Soundwave, and I've liberated him from the those musically talented but completely minuscule humans holding him hostage for their world wide tour. World Slavery Tour indeed," he snorted, carrying the stage prop to a corner where he could be made to sit and look somewhat comfortable, before turning to face his second in command. "In truth he has no sentience, but I wasn't about to go back and return him after I had made such a grand gesture of freeing him from his chains. Now then," he opened his palms to Soundwave. "Thank you, for your service and hard work in keeping the Decepticon efforts in order and so very organized. Truly without you, we'd be lost. Tell me - have you made any headway against the Autobots?"

His second in command stared at Megatron, a silence held to the point that Megatron began to feel ill at ease with the situation. What was Soundwave planning? Did he intend to take Megatron out, here, now, where no one would know except the mech who inevitably paid attention to every single update in their systems, including Megatron's use of his personal entry code?

"Soundwave: upset. Megatron: owes Soundwave big-time. However." Megatron found himself rapt with attention. "Soundwave: did not feel comfortable executing plans without Megatron present, Megatron's creativity yields the most interesting results in all encounters with the Autobots. Soundwave: welcomes Megatron home. And if Megatron ever leaves to go to a concert without Soundwave again, Soundwave will take

the Decepticons, falsify Megatron's death, and return to Cybertron," the mech's tone lowered, the warning clear as Megatron's plating shivered.

Stepping towards his second in command, Megatron carefully bent down to one knee, looking up at Soundwave as he observed the battle-mask covering his face. "Then, Soundwave - perhaps you will do me the honor of coming with me to harass the Iron Maiden once more, in Saint Louis?" He could not have been more sincere, but it was entirely up to his second in command if the mech wanted to accept that. "Please?"

After another tense moment of Soundwave staring in complete silence,

the mech offered Megatron a hand. "Soundwave: would enjoy seeing Iron Maiden, and also Saint Louis," he agreed in firm monotone.

Accepting the hand and standing with a smirk, Megatron chuckled. "Good. Then let's get going and come back before Starscream realizes we're gone and tries to take over the Decepticons again. And this time let's leave them with all their stage props in-tact."



TAKING BACK OUR FUTURE

By _vexian_

"Why do we have to live like this, Terminus?" D-16 muttered, shifting to look up at the one who had taken him under their wing, protected him, and loved him.

The older mech only tilted his helm, looking down from their positions to the lower levels of the mine that they were in. D-16 followed his lead to look down into the dark depths that swirled with shadows and whirls of machinery.

Terminus let out a sigh, laying a soft servo on the smaller mech's shoulder. "Because sometimes, mechs and femmes that are higher than us, decide it so."

"But why?" He stressed, optical ridges furrowing in confusion. "Who's to say that you or I couldn't be like..scientists, or something."

"I guess it's just not how life was meant to be, D-16." Terminus muttered, optics shuttering closed for a moment before looking down at his charge. "Let me tell you something, D-16, something important."

D-16 quickly looked up to his mentor; Terminus, whenever he had something important to say, usually was a very valuable lesson or something interesting that D-16 would always value.

"Someday, when I am old, and you are older than you are now, there will be peace, and perhaps you could be who you wished to be instead of a miner." Terminus said softly with a small smile.

He quickly grinned back, "What if I'm the one who changes things, mentor?"

"Then I will be cheering you on from behind. Just remember—"

"We will take back our futures, one way or another." D-16 finished

excitedly.

"Indeed, D-16." Terminus chuckled.

Megatron stared into the crowd as they roared and chanted for him as he stepped out into the spotlight. It was a wonderful experience that made his spark race, seeing all different faces with different emotions and levels of courage.

He walked slowly to the podium. He was unsure of what his face conveyed. Determination? Passion? He hoped so deep in his spark it did as he walked the final daunting steps to the mic.

He waited a few moments before raising his servo, optics sweeping over the multiple faces in front of him as they slowly quieted, but the dull mutter of chatter was still persistent. They were eager to hear what he had to say.

"My fellow mechs." Megatron started, all the chatter suddenly stopping as if his voice was a whiplash that cracked through the air to silence them as he spoke.

"I am overjoyed to see you all here; in various stages of life-" His gaze went over a mech grasping onto another, younger mech to his right; going over a mech who looked about to kneel over; a femme who vibrated with happiness spread over her face. "-and it is a miracle from Primus that we were all able to gather here, under the same motives, thoughts and feelings tonight."

Megatron took a deep breath. He had no notes to look over as he continued to speak, nothing to look back on for things to say. Perhaps that's why it felt so raw and determined; it was coming straight from the deepest parts and desires of his spark.

"Ever since I was a young miner, starting this new and wondrous thing that we call life, I knew it was going to be rough. It was not long before I figured out that this life was not full of justice, fairness and equality." He muttered into the mic sorrowfully; he remembered those days as a miner vividly as if it happened yesterday. He did not give in to the desire to shutter, he had to focus.

"I had my voice stripped away from me; my thoughts and feelings were not my own. I had to convert to be like someone else, as if I was not me. I was just a mech to be made and expended at those who were in higher ranking than me wished so." His voice grew, red optics he was sure blazing, gleaming in the light of the stage.

"It was- and it still is- normalised. I was told what I had to do! I had no say, no choice in the matter, nothing to fall back on, no one to turn to. I saw this in many other mechs and femmes," Megatron paused, "mechs and femmes like all of you, who stand before me today hoping for change."

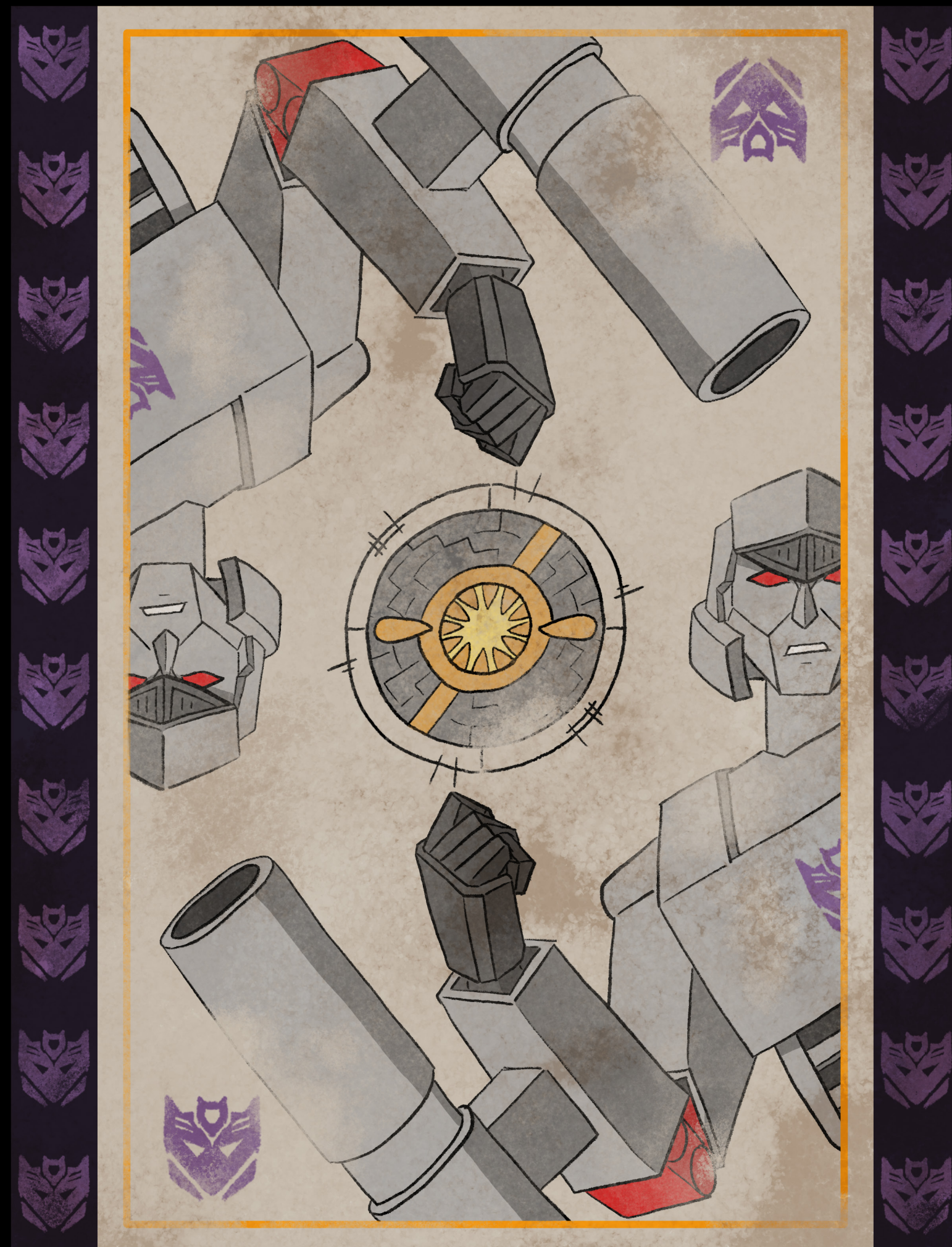
"Only we can decide our future! What the council and higher-ups say is not final. Change can happen, and it will if enough of us band together as one to fight for what is right for future generations and beyond." He exclaimed. He felt pride swell in his spark as cheers erupted from everyone in front of the stage; he took a short breath and waited until it only died down slightly.

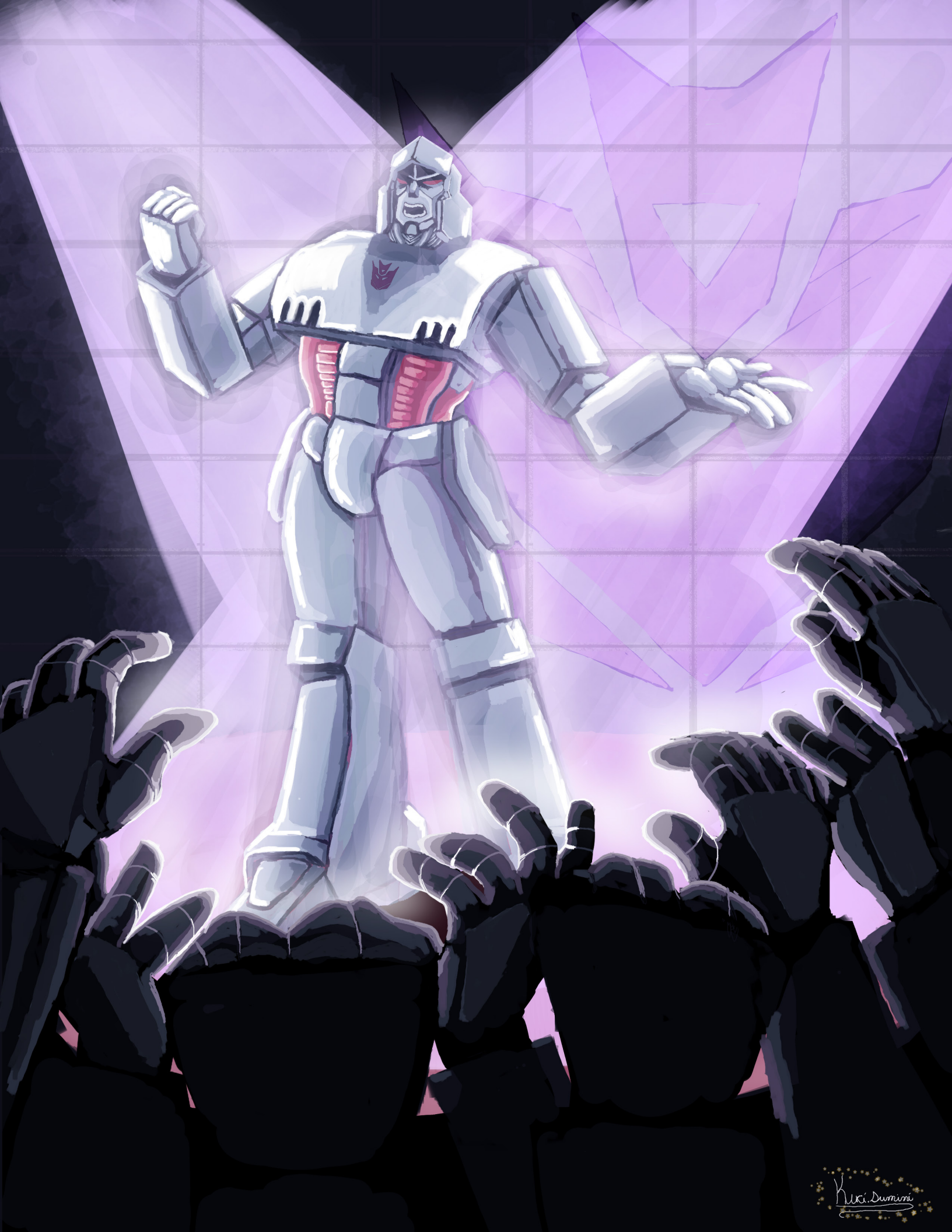
"I am sick of seeing the lower and middle castes pushed to the side just because of frame type or what they were created to be," Megatron murmured, catching a few optics in the crowd.

"So I ask you, mech to mech, mech to femme, will you stand with me?" He concluded to the loud bellows of agreement of the crowd. Megatron smiled— a barely there, small smile, but it was there as he nodded to everyone in the crowd, turning to walk off the stage to his waiting right servo mech, Soundwave.

Megatron clapped a servo on Soundwave's shoulder, standing face to face, as the crowd continued to roar behind him. He swore he could faintly hear Terminus's voice echoing in his helm.

"We will take back our future, Soundwave," Megatron said, repeating one of Terminus's favourite sayings, turning to look behind himself at the mechs and femmes before him before shifting back to smile wide and big at Soundwave, "one way or another."





***WILL YOU BITE
THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU?***



SCREENED

By OneWingedSparrow

The bridge of the *Nemesis* revved with unchecked tension, like a jet engine that grumbled and screamed and refused to leave the ground despite the time for liftoff.

“The reason for our inability to locate Breakdown’s signal is all too clear... but how is it that you were unable to recover his remains?” Lord Megatron snapped.

Dreadwing avoided his gaze, fixating his attention on the floor instead.

An incoming message set the computer trilling with urgent beeps. Soundwave turned to open the notification.

“What is it?” Lord Megatron barked, just as the call connected.

A saccharine voice sent a teasing greeting echoing around the room.

“Heard from Breakdown lately?”

Laserbeak twitched against Soundwave’s spark chamber. Silently, Soundwave looked to his lord.

“Trace the communication,” Megatron snarled. With practiced grace, Soundwave’s fingers flew over the keys. The onscreen cursor ricocheted around a virtual globe as frequencies were examined and swiftly eliminated, one after another.

“Megatron, truly,” Airachnid said through the speakers, as merrily as if she offered advice to an old friend, “you sent simple henchmen to terminate a high-ranking officer. I thought you reserved that *honor* for yourself.”

Soundwave’s fingers hovered in place.

Megatron stomped towards the dashboard, words aflame with vitriol. “Is

that a challenge?”

“An invitation,” Airachnid corrected, mildly. “And, since Soundwave is, no doubt, tracing this signal, you know where to find me.”

Right then, the monitor flashed with the coordinates.

Megatron stared at the screen. Soundwave watched a thousand emotions smolder in his optics before he spoke with an air of finality.

“I’ll be back.”

“Allow me to accompany you,” Dreadwing proposed.

“You already had your chance,” Megatron snapped. He stormed from the bridge.

Dreadwing hung his head, thoroughly chastised. Soundwave *almost* pitied the failure.

Cracks of lightning split the sky around Megatron as he flew—verily, the fury inside him come to life. As he glided into the cavern where Airachnid surely lurked, Megatron growled to himself. If you desire proper execution of a task, by the Antispark, you need do it yourself!

“I place too much faith in those who follow me,” he muttered. “The war has despoiled my troops of competence. I imagined my expectations lowered enough, and yet...!”

The mouth of the cave swallowed him. Megatron vanished into darkness.

Soundwave knew Lord Megatron was a fierce combatant, fully capable of handling his own.

However, he also knew Airachnid.

Airachnid was not your typical opponent. Even among Decepticons, she was diabolically cunning, darkly creative, and downright ruthless. Moreover, as an uncommon eight-legger, she wielded a fighting style that sharply disadvantaged Megatron’s. Whereas Megatron exuded might and force, Airachnid thrived in speed and guile. She was a trickster, an

If Airachnid had the gall to consume Breakdown's husk, Soundwave did not doubt her readiness to dismantle his lord as well. Airachnid was surely weaving trickery between her needling fingers, a net with which to snag Megatron in his anger. No matter his proven battle prowess, Lord Megatron would not be returning unscathed.

Against his spark, Laserbeak hummed in agreement.

Soundwave commanded the computer to sleep and drifted from his post.

When the Insecticon tackled him, Megatron had been thrown backwards.

Airachnid's secret champion had slammed his neck at an awkward angle, setting it aching. Now, the Insecticon whinnied inches away from his face, mandibles wagging. Breathing heavily, Megatron seized all his strength, and thrust the creature far enough away to fire his fusion cannon.

Before he could shoot again, a web blast from Airachnid's perch rendered his cannon useless. Utilizing the diversion, the Insecticon transformed into beetle mode, zipped forward, and tossed him into the air. A stab near the spark chamber left Megatron gasping. He hit the ground, showered by his own energon.

Instinct ignited as pain kicked in, accompanied by sheer adrenaline. When the Insecticon charged for another blow, Megatron timed its attack, and smacked the beast away with one fell swoop of his arm.

Airachnid hissed in displeasure. He cast a smirk towards her distant platform.

"You and your beast would do well to remember," Megatron yelled, "I honed my skills in the Pits of Kaon!"

Furious as he was at Airachnid's scheme, part of him thrilled in the unexpected matchup. Many of his memories of the Pits had been blocked out; but there was still much that he recalled.

Rather than stride the halls, Soundwave opened a ground bridge and teleported himself directly into his private quarters, while Laserbeak sequestered himself in the rafters outside to alert him to approaching vehicons.

Soundwave's tentacles easily found the package, stacked in the corner among dozens of decoys. To the unsuspecting optic, the package appeared to be an ordinary Energon Cube. Courtesy of his visor, however, Soundwave could clearly identify the invisible symbols stamped all over the container, backlit by the artificial glow. A simple deception, engineered by Shockwave, meant for his sight alone.

He tapped the symbols in their proper order, unlocking the seal. The item inside snapped neatly into Laserbeak's rest. The Minicon would fit right over it; no one would notice the extra mass on his frame.

At that moment, Laserbeak trilled on a frequency only Soundwave could hear. He tilted his head at the news.

*So the failure **does** have some brass in his bearings.*

"Rescue" was not a word Megatron regarded fondly; but, he decided he could live with an assisted tactical retreat.

"You disobeyed my orders in following me here," Megatron growled.

He waited just long enough for worry to overtake Dreadwing; then, Megatron transformed his tone, almost sounding...jovial.

"You will make a *fine* first lieutenant," he said through a wide, concealed grin.

Lord Megatron returned limping.

The average Decepticon would never have detected this; yet, Soundwave had spent enough time with him to identify when something was off. A miniscule change in his gait was all the proof Soundwave needed.

Megatron straightened his back as a group of Eradicons passed by, saluting him. As soon as they left, he grumbled and pulled a strand of web from his fusion cannon.

Knock Out welcomed Lord Megatron into the med bay. A few wayward drops of energon trailed behind him, at Soundwave's feet.

A single tentacle unfurled, claws sweeping over the floor to wipe the

energon away—out of sight.

At Knock Out's beckoning, Lord Megatron sank onto the examination berth. Soundwave noticed how his knees quavered under him, but chose not to say anything.

Knock Out's examination was prompt, as Megatron demanded. No Decepticon should ever know all his wounds or weaknesses...even his medic.

Once Knock Out was dismissed, Megatron narrowed his optics at Soundwave. "Did you send Dreadwing after me?"

"*It was his own stupid idea!*" Knock Out's voice protested from Soundwave's speakers. A favorite recording, from yet another occasion of Starscream's troublemaking.

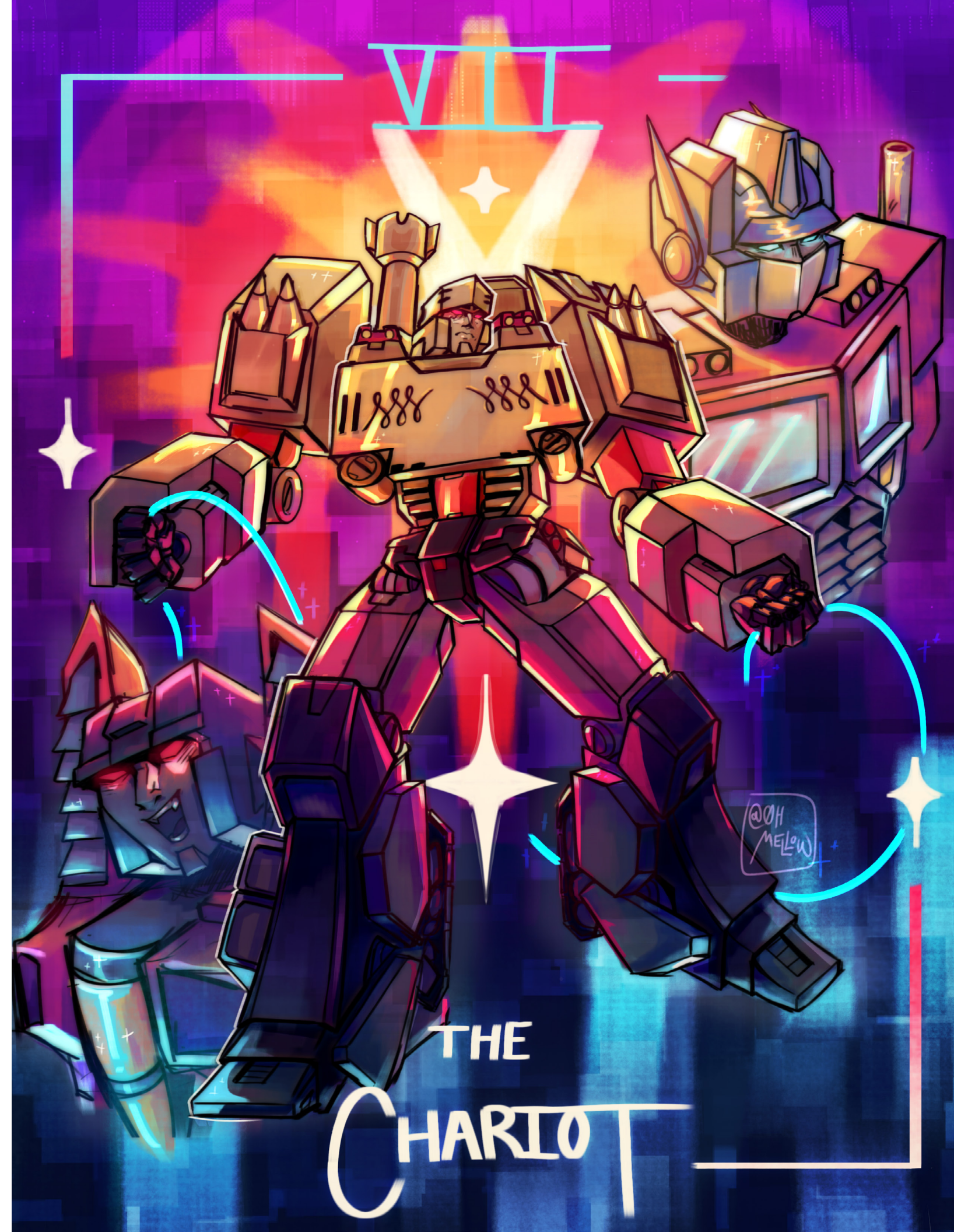
Megatron laughed, hoarsely. "So there is hope for Decepticon competency, yet."

Yes, Soundwave thought, *at last we have found someone faithful to your cause.*

Towards his lord, he nodded, signaling Laserbeak to deploy.

Into Megatron's open palm, a tentacle placed the item that Soundwave had guarded since their time in the Pits.

His lord's knee brace.





MEGATRON & THE NEURODIVERGENT

By Amber Jones

Megatron had no idea how it happened. He heard rustling coming from the energon storage unit on the Nemesis and went to investigate, but ended up finding nothing. He then headed back towards his office (or as the other Decepticons called it 'the control room') but stopped dead in his tracks when he saw something in the corner.

It was a girl. A young girl wearing a colorful tie-dye hoodie. She was sitting down and facing the wall, doing what the humans called a 'jazz hands' movement as well as rocking back and forth. She seemed to be wearing some wireless headphones and listening to music. As Megatron approached her, she somehow knew someone was behind her. She stopped her music and took her headphones out as she was getting up. She turned around to see Megatron, who didn't look as pleased as she was to see him.

"Oh hi! Sorry I didn't hear you coming along, I was just chilling and I kinda zoned out." the girl began but unfortunately spoke too fast for Megatron to comprehend what she was saying.

"Stop." he interrupted gruffly. "Who are you?"

"Um, my name is Ava Kendrick, I'm 16 years old and I come from Jasper, Nevada. I also have Autism. You're Megatron right? The leader of the Decepticons?"

Megatron looked puzzled, as if he had never heard of the word 'autism' before. He pondered as to what his next question would be, before deciding on... "What is... Autism? Is it a cybertronian sickness?"

Ava looked surprised and quite offended, but then she burst out laughing.

"What?! You must be joking! It's a condition which basically means that my brain works differently to other humans. So with me I enjoy watching cartoons, doing puzzles, drawing and coloring in pictures and I love certain

kinds of food like pizza, ice cream, waffles and more. I also don't have many friends, so I usually go exploring and I like to meet new people in different places. There's some things I don't like such as loud noises, babies crying, people yelling, things not working for me. It makes me feel sad."

Megatron listened carefully to Ava's explanation about her condition. He then asked Ava to sit on his hand, then he lifted her up to his face. He had to stop himself from physically bursting out laughing when he suddenly realized what he had actually done. She stared at him wide-eyed, sitting still for the longest time she had ever done without fidgeting. In fact, she was also surprised... she was smirking on the inside.

"Ava... you are very... unique. I appreciate your humbleness, you definitely aren't like anyone I've ever met. You are not a little fleshy that I would squish in my hands."

He was just about to consider adding her to his Decepticon army when Starscream strolled past the doorway and loudly pointed out Ava sitting on Megatron's hand. Both of them turned towards the door frame as he began to degrade them both.

"HA HA! Megatron has a pet fleshling. I guess he does have a soft spot after all." he exclaimed before running away before Megatron could beat him to a pulp.

"STARSCREAM! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! WHAT HAPPENS IN HERE STAYS IN HERE UNLESS I SAY OTHERWISE!" he shouted to the now-absent second in command. However, he soon realized this mistake when he saw Ava shrink and start crying. Despite the yelling not aimed at her, it's obvious that it made her upset. She looked up and started apologizing to the leader in her presence. He felt a funny feeling in his spark when he realized that he was no longer showing as a threat to her. "You're fine." he whispered as he petted her gently. He placed her on the floor and asked her to follow him. For a good hour, Ava followed Megatron across the Nemesis, with her introducing herself to every bot she came across. Eventually came the time they had to say goodbye for the day, but not without taking a selfie with each other. Of course, Ava forced Megatron to put on a smile, which he obliged with. This young lady had made his cold spark heat up.

After she had headed home, he stayed outside to look across the horizon and completely forgot about the overflowing pile of reports that he needed to complete by the end of the evening. Megatron never thought about being kind to anyone, yet alone a human, not even the other Decepticons, not even Soundwave who was the most tolerable out of all of them. Suddenly, Starscream's words began to echo and float around his mind.

"I guess he does have a soft spot after all."

He always hated humans, unless they genuinely wanted to side with him. He would find more enjoyment squishing them in his bare hands than actually talking with them... but Ava, she was different. She was special. She wasn't like other teenagers her age. Most younger people were scared of or hated his form, his voice, his violence... but this girl was built differently. More quiet, more reserved, but when she was comfortable around someone she liked, more bubbly and lively. Megatron then spent the rest of the week locked away in his office researching all about Ava's condition. It felt like he was getting an entire history lesson from this condition. It made him feel rather different around the Nemesis. He began to shout less at the other bots, and Soundwave would take the reins in battles rather than him. He even sympathized with her when she asked him...

"Do you ever get that feeling where you think the whole world hates you? Everyone ignores you, people no longer like you, you're bullied by people who you considered friends... but deep down you know it's not true and you're loved by loads of people even if you don't know it."

Two people who had struggled in life and had made enemies along the way had accidentally become great friends instead of hating each other. Over the next few days, Ava would visit the nemesis almost everyday, and at times where she was greeted by Soundwave or Knockout or anyone who wasn't Megatron, she would inquire about his whereabouts. If he was in the base, she would go after him; if he was on patrol, she would wait at the base on her own or with another bot for him to return. As she waited for her friend to return, she could feel butterflies in her stomach. That nervous but exciting feeling had paid a visit to her body again, the kind of feeling you get when you're about to do something that makes you really happy, or you're about to do something and you're scared out of your wits, or even when you meet one of your favorite people.

Megatron returned from patrol (alone, of course) and Ava was over the moon to see him again.

"Hi Megatron! I missed you so much." she said as he walked into the main control room, she ran over and hugged him on the leg. He could feel her trembling.

"Hello Ava. It's quite nice to see you again."

Over time, Megatron got used to her way of communication and managed to figure out what emotions she was expressing to him.

At the end of the week, Megatron accompanied her to the entrance of the ship, where the horizon displayed a beautiful and strong sunset in the sky. Ava grinned, giggled and flapped her hands, making Megatron know that she loved to see the sun set every night. It didn't seem like a big deal to neurotypicals, but to Ava it felt like she had just been let loose in a candy shop.

"Well... Ava... it was a pleasure to make your acquaintance over the past few days. You're better behaved and more composed than most fleshlings I've ever met." he turned to her and said proudly. "We could really learn a thing or two from you."

Ava smiled, and made eye contact with him. something which she had struggled to do most of her life. It felt like she had been seen by the old tyrant. It felt like she had made a true friend which was a rare moment for her.

"Thank you for being my friend, Megatron." she quietly said as she hugged his leg tightly. "You remind me of one of my other friends. Your voice sounds like his."

Of course Megatron being Megatron, he had no idea what she was on about.

"Really?" was all he could spit out. To which she nodded and decided to stay a few extra minutes to do one thing she was good at: Telling stories about specific subjects. They sat down on the rocks and stared at the landscape.

Ava smiled at him and started to recite a story she had told many people before.

"Let me tell you about my friend named Frank..."





THE DECEPTICON FLAGSHIP; THE NEMESIS.

THE MOST POWERFUL SPACECRAFT EVER BUILT,



CREWED ONLY BY THE FIERCEST DECEPTICONS.

LED BY THE SLAGMAKER HIMSELF,



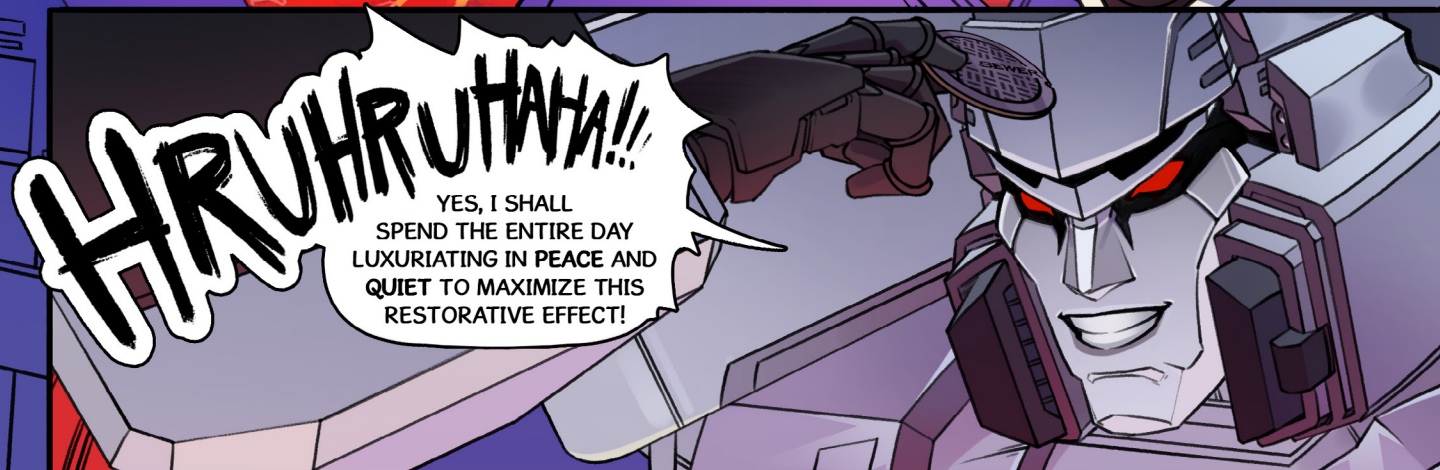
MEGATRON.

AND THIS-

-IS HIS DAY OFF.

SOMETIMES EVEN I AM SURPRISED BY MY OWN GENIUS! WITH A MIND AND BODY THAT IS REFRESHED AND INVIGORATED, IT WILL BE NO TIME AT ALL BEFORE I EASILY OUTWIT MY NEMESIS.

ALL WITH THE ADDED BONUS THAT THE AUTOBOTS ARE DOUBTLESSLY GRINDING THEIR GEARS TRYING TO UNRAVEL WHAT DEVIUS PLANS REQUIRE SUCH APPARENT INACTIVITY FROM THE DECEPTICON THREAT!



YES, I SHALL SPEND THE ENTIRE DAY LUXURIATING IN PEACE AND QUIET TO MAXIMIZE THIS RESTORATIVE EFFECT!

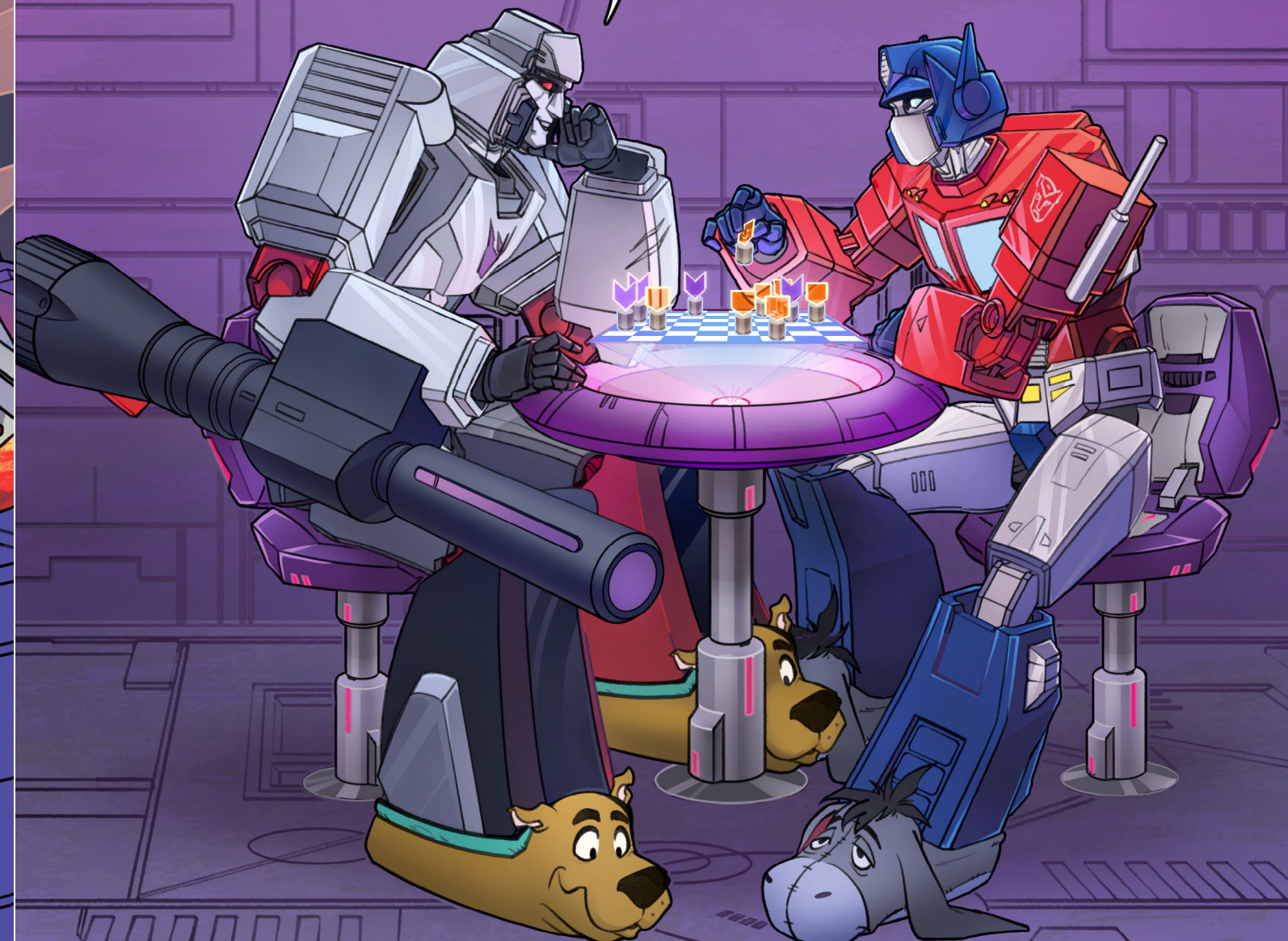
APPROXIMATELY
12 HOURS
LATER...

HOW WAS YOUR
DAY OFF?

BUSINESS AS
USUAL. A BLACK HOLE
GENERATOR MALFUNCTION,
INTER-DIMENSIONAL BEASTS
RUNNING AMOK IN THE LOWER
LEVELS, GRIMLOCK TORE UP
THE REC-ROOM AGAIN.

YOURS?

IT STARTED
OUT RELAXING- BUT
QUICKLY UNRAVELED INTO
THE DAILY TEDIUMS OF
ASSASSINATION ATTEMPTS,
KREMZEK OUTBREAKS, AND
SKYWARP BRILLIANTLY
GETTING HIMSELF STUCK
INSIDE A ROCK.



REBOOT

By VillainousVivs

Megatron bought him the round before Prime could sit. His mouth opened. Closed. Frustrated with no doubt an impossible scenario to his idealist thought processes. "Can I help you, Prime?"

Optimus cringed. Megatron didn't want to give him a chance to respond. Whatever slag was coming out of his mouth could wait until they were at least a little drunk. "Or is it Optimus, now?" he goaded, smirking.

Optimus shifted uncomfortably. Was that another cringe? Actually, everything he did looked like a continuous cringing motion. Megatron was going to ignore that. Not because it was easy to ignore, but because he knew what was good for him.

"...Megatron," Optimus finally said, frowning in confusion as the waitstaff brought them their drinks. "It's. It's been a few months."

"I hadn't noticed," Megatron said, turning his gaze on the latest news. Starscream was making ruckus about rebuilding Vos again, but that was just gossip. He couldn't get a city that size airborne even if he drained every standing Cybertronian. No, he was just whining to keep the energon from falling into the hands of those greedy neutrals. To think that someone of the same species would rather sell their own lifeblood to aliens than rebuild their homeworld... at least Starscream was giving them a piece of his mind. Megatron knew the experience firsthand. He might even pity the neutrals. Might.

"You... are you wearing glasses?"

Megatron looked up. Optimus hadn't touched his drink, which was just as well. He looked nervous, jittery, and frankly, a hassle he didn't want to deal with. "Yes," he said. "You didn't expect a miner to have perfect vision, did you?"

"But—you had an overhaul. Your cannon. How—?"

"I don't have my cannon anymore," Megatron said, waving his right arm emphatically. Thank Primus's right balljoint it was gone. Sure, he'd gotten used to the weight, but being so unbalanced meant having one side of his antigrav constantly working to keep him stable. Energon consumption aside, it was uncomfortable. He kept using his left arm out of habit, which he himself found amusing. Leaving the cannon behind was a necessity. What the Decepticons had to become to win the war was unsustainable in peacetime. If he had kept his cannon, if he was on that pedestal talking slag to the neutrals, then nothing would change. Megatron had done what he'd gone out to do. Now it was time to let them be. "The aiming system came with the canon. There was a scope on there, you know. We didn't even obscure it."

Prime didn't know what to do with that. Megatron didn't really care. He finished the article, which was a fluff piece more than anything, and continued the game of chess he was working on.

"Are you really... retired?"

"Last I checked, yes."

The Prime didn't argue, at least. Defanging the Autobots was annoying and dangerous, but easy. Echo chambers broke when the walls fell. After the Autobots were defeated, Megatron only had to order them to be freed in succession. If there was anything the Autobots were good at, it was talking and sympathizing. And if they had enough time to talk and sympathize with Decepticons, then it might finally get through to their thick skulls that maybe, just maybe, the Cons weren't the bad guys in this story.

"I... I don't go by Prime anymore," he confessed. "Just Optimus."

Megatron grunted.

"I... the Autobots don't exist anymore. Not really. I don't think everyone knows that." He squirmed a little. Megatron refrained from a derisive snort. "They're still following me, listening to me. But we're not fighting anymore. The cause, our cause... it no longer exists."

Megatron looked at him. Looked back down at the chess board. He'd long since reached proficiency, but a few of the puzzles still challenged him. If he turned off his auxiliary processors. Between playing unsatisfying chess

and listening to whatever drivel Prime—Optimus—was spitting, he would rather suffer chess. “And?”

“I. I’m going to spark a field next week,” he said, toying with the cup in his hand, not drinking it. “Soundwave arranged it. We have enough energon, finally. Only a hundred to start.”

Megatron already knew. Soundwave had told him. He was retired, not deaf. His cannon was disarmed, not forgotten. If need be, he would wage war again. But he didn’t tell Optimus. Would some acknowledgement finally make him go away? “And this concerns me how?”

“He—Soundwave—thought I should talk to you.”

Megatron didn’t know what he expected. From either of them. If Soundwave really did say that, then Optimus likely had some hangups about him that got in the way of the sparking. “He didn’t elaborate on why, did he.”

Optimus said nothing. Of course. That would be too easy.

“Well, I’m done with my morning news,” Megatron said, pocketing the datapad. “Care for chess, Prime?”

Optimus looked down at the chessboard like it was some sort foreign contraption. Which it was, though Megatron didn’t expect Optimus to be one to complain. Especially between the two of them. “I didn’t know you played human games.”

He snorted. “If I hated everything those organics made, Rumble and Frenzy wouldn’t be blasting their music every half cycle.” Well, they still might’ve. Soundwave was not a friend he could afford to lose. “Are we done here?”

Optimus looked like he wanted to stop him, but didn’t know how. “I—do you remember?” he blurted.

“Remember what?”

“When we first met.”

Megatron did not, in fact, remember. His brain module was filled mostly with redundant and irremovable hardware for detecting ore veins. He learned to work around it. Soundwave was a master of compacting data, and Megatron himself had taken to rigorous note-taking. “What, when you did a fluff piece on my debut in Iaconian fighting pits?”

Optimus looked bashful. “I... I wouldn’t call it a fluff piece.”

“Hm.”

“It wasn’t—I didn’t—look, that isn’t the point I’m trying to make.”

“Hmm.”

“Can we be friends again?” Optimus said, very quickly. “I, us—we, the war, it... start over? I mean, us.” He looked like he wanted to bang his head against the table. “You know what I mean.”

Megatron considered denying it. Then he sighed; oh, what was the harm? “We were always friends, Optimus. There’s no need for a redo.”

Optimus stared at him. “What.”

“Now, I have a tab that needs paying and a walk that needs walking, so—”

“No. Hold your horsepower. What do you mean, we’ve always been friends?”

Megatron grunted grumpily. “What, did you think the war could rescind our friendship for us? There’s no such thing.”

“But... we fought each other.”

“Yes.”

“I killed your friends. And you killed mine.”

“That makes us even, doesn’t it?”

Optimus seemed to consider this. “I think I’d rather start over.”

Megatron stood, and walked away. "I'd rather not. It's a lot of work."

He didn't get to escape, unfortunately. Optimus followed him to the counter. "You're unreasonable, you know that?"

"Of course," Megatron replied. He paid for his drink, intent on getting on with his routine walk. "Don't follow me."

Optimus followed him. Megatron expected this. "Thank Primus I never listen to you," he said, almost mischievous. "Now, about that friendship..."





@nuclearjazz
@nuclearjazzart
Instagram, TikTok, Twitter icons



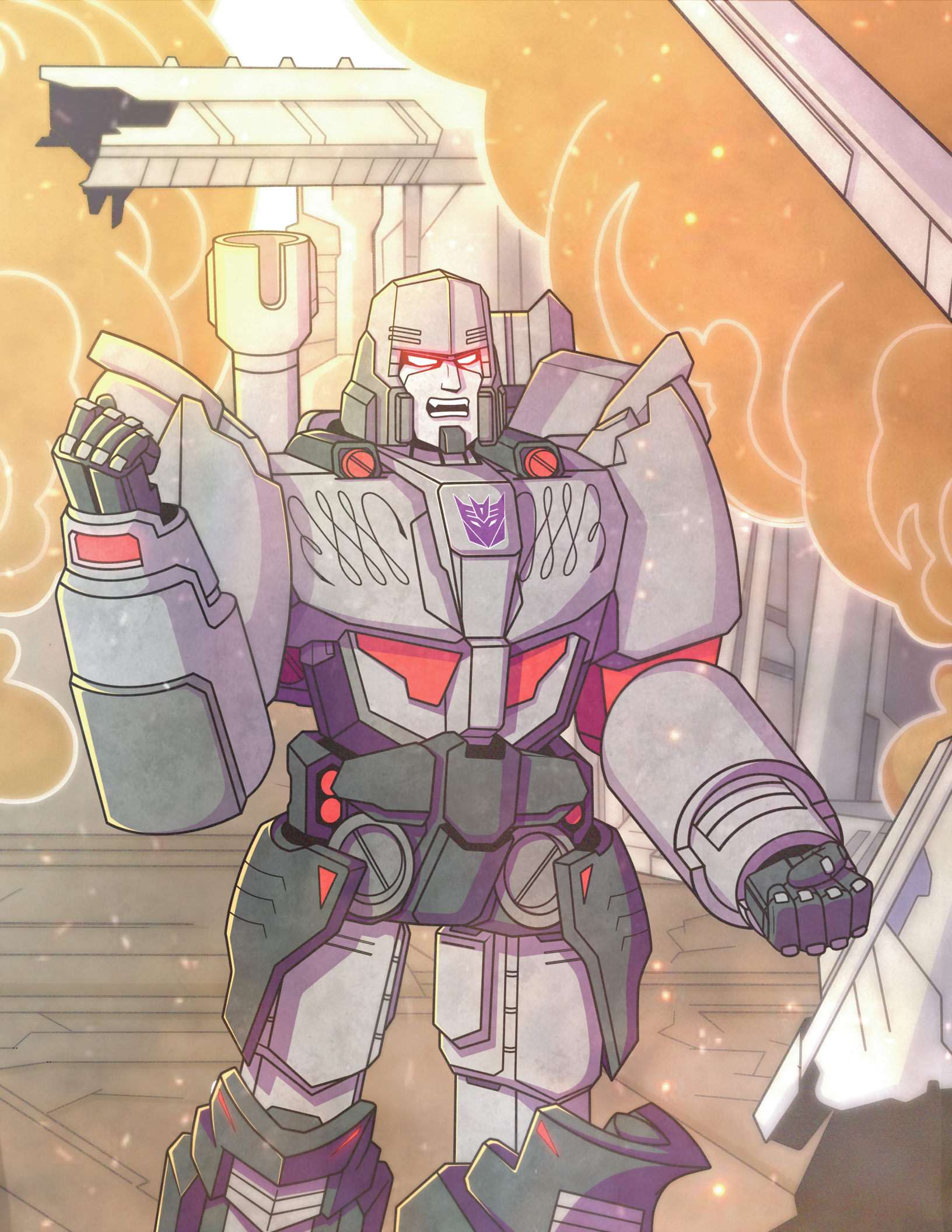
Peace, Through Tyranny

Artic Harmony (AKA) Jasmine 2024



ALL HAIL
FRANK
WELKER.

Yew
2024



CONTRIBUTORS

ARTISTS



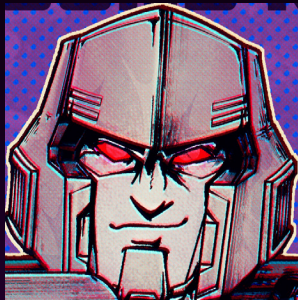
WHITETAILEDRABBIT



DOODLEONNOTES



SUPERR



HYSTERICALRT



SLICKVER



SPECTER_ACE



XENON



ERAGONDA



FORGEDCOLD



WHAALLESS



PROFOUND
SCREECHINGS



PALE-FAIRYTALES



LISHADRA



OHMELLOW



LYNDAXY



VIC_DRAWS_



GOBLINTZ



ALEKSGIVANOV



NUCLEARJAX



ARTICBLUEHARMONY



ROKKUDAUN



XENOFAART



ARIESNHOPE



KAGEBROS

WRITERS

“Deceiving Decepticons” by GemmaRose

“Due Commendation” by eerian_sadow

“Are Ya Ready, Eddie?” by tarnishedpeonies

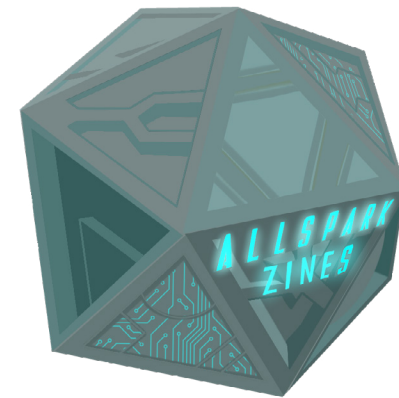
“Taking Back Our Future” by vexian

“Screened” by OneWingedSparrow

“Megatron and the Neurodivergent” by amberleahhx

“Reboot” by VillanousVivs

THIS ZINE WAS HOSTED BY



ALLSPARK ZINES

[HTTPS://ALLSPARKZINES.CARRD.CO](https://allsparkzines.carrd.co)

TRANSFORMERS © Hasbro

This book is an unofficial fan project. It is not authorised, approved, license or endorsed by Hasbro or any of their developers, creators, distributors or publishers. Resale or redistribution of this fanzine is strictly prohibited.

IMPORTANT © COPYRIGHT NOTICE

All rights reserved.

Zine or individual artwork may not be reproduced, copied, edited, published, transmitted or uploaded in any way without the artist's written permission.

